CHAPTER V. DISASTER

"What will Raymond think?- what will Raymond say?

That was the burden of anxious Edna Deane's heart, as the carriage that conveyed her from her school life into a new and unknown existence sped across the country.

Opposite to her sat her grim companion, motionless, erect, forbidding. spect without severity had attended his | bridge. every movement since leaving Hope-dale, but he persisted in that weird, oppressive silence that chilled, almost alarmed the warm, childish heart of

She had comforted herself with the resolve to write to Marshall as soon as she reached her new home, and had then ventured to address her somber companion.

Won't you please tell me something about my father-the place I am going to?" she spoke in accents of tremulous The man hesitated. Then, with evi-

dent reluctance, he said: "You are going to your father—the father who loves you, who will make your life one of joy, wealth, and happi-

"But, why all this mystery?" His brow clouded.

He will tell you. Believe me, it is for the best. He has been under a cloud for years; his life has been nearly wrecked by the wickedness of others. Go to him with a free, fearless heart, willing to forget all the world save him, and add something of joy to his last days."

Edna chilled at the gruesome hint that the words contained. Forget all the world save her father? Did that include Raymond?

What could the dark mystery be? Her companion's lips were sealed on the theme after they had reached the train. He provided her with every comfort in the drawing-room section secured for her, and left her to her thoughts, telling her that they would not leave the train until after daylight.

Then a swift spin across the country. confused sleep, and morning, struggling in the embrace of a blinding snow-storm, the cars passing through a bleak

Toward evening they alighted at a little village. It was still snowing, and, leaving her in the cheerless depot, her companion went to the stores about the place, returning with a frowning

"I am sorry," he said; "but can you stand a short walk in the storm?" "lam not afraid of the storm; I rather enjoy it," responded Edna, cheerily
"Are we near—home?"

"Yes; that is, we cross two miles to another railroad. Then a brief ride, and your journey is ended. I cannot obtain a single vehicle to drive us over. and the train is due in two hours.

They started forth. Edna was brave and disdainful of the snow at first, but clogged footsteps, an occasional deep drift and blinding flakes soon made her breath come quicker, and her companion was compelled to aid her with the help

They had got past the limits of the Edna shuddered at the oneerlessness of the twilight-darkening

landscape. "We have not got far to go now," en-ouraged her companion. "This must couraged her companion. "This must be the bridge we cross. Courage, my child! Only half a mile more, and-"Oh! come back! come back! Look!

That sign!" Edno, following in the footsteps of her guide, who now went in advance to clear a path for her more dainty feet, had noticed the dashing torrent of water below the frail bridge spanning

it, and, half-obliterated by the snow, a rudely painted sign nailed to one of the bridge supports. "What is it?" spoke her guide, half-

way across the bridge.
"There is a sign. 'Danger!' Mercy!

A wild, frantic scream completed the sentence. Appalled, Edna Deane shrunk back at a spectacle that froze her heart At her very word, her companion, tak-

ing a step to one side, disappeared. The warning of danger had come too late. Through some snow-covered hole in the unstable bridge structure he went. Splash! With strained eyes the agon-

ized girl saw his body strike the foaming water torrent. There was a cry for help, she saw his

white face appear once, twice, in the turbulent flood, and then-the mighty stream dashed on, leaving her alone, unprotected, in the weird arms of the storm and the night. Alone, sick at heart, hopeless, she

continued to stare vaguely at the circling eddies that had engulfed her one protector in the world.

Alone on that dreary landscape, Edna Deane realized that she was penniless, homeless, hundreds of miles from friends, and the mystery of her life a mystery still.

CHAPTER VI.

LOST "Hear that-look there!"

One of two men bound villagewards uttered the words in a startled, excited gasp, just as the unfortunate man who been Edna Deane's companion and guide gave expression to his cry for aid. They had just passed the somber-faced man and his girlish companion struggling through the snow, and, supposing they were bent down the river shore instead of across the unsafe bridge, had passed on without uttering a warning.

Now coming to the river path beyond a clump of trees, that wild cry had reached the ears of the younger of the twain.
"Help! help!"

Looking quickly back and down the stream, he caught a glimose of a form struggling in the wild waters of the

They were strangers!" he ejaculated. The bridge! They've tried to cross it, and have fallen through '

It took them ten minutes fully to retrace their steps, running around the bluffy timber stretch. They reached the bridge. Horror-eyed, appalled, they stared blank at the trodden snow and the gaping hole, through which the darkling waters showed twenty feet below.

"He went down-I saw him in the water," muttered one of the men.

"Eut the other?" "What other:"

"The gr."
"Ah, yes! I forgot. There was a girl with him. Jem, they're gone! Man and woman both, sure as fate!" They glanced far down the river anks. They even lined the stream for

Thus it was that rumor, speculation and horror were rife at the little railroad settlement that evening, when the two men returned thither and told their tragic story.

This man remembered seeing the two arrive on the late afternoon train—that one described the gaunt, solemn-faced stranger seeking a conveyance to take them across country. A party was made up to make search for some trace of the bodies of the unfortunates, but, after lining the bleak shores of the river for hours, they returned bootless from their task at midnight, the swirling waters and increasing storm bidding fair to sweep away or cover up forever-more the identity of the man and the girl who had seemingly met death at the

As the reader knows, Edna Deane's guide alone had sunk through the broken planking. Edna herself, frozen with had remained for a moment horror, chilled to helplessness by the sudden disaster. Then, frantic with terror, vaguely hoping to reach some habitation and summon its denizens to at-tempt the rescue of her guide, she dashed blindly from the scene.

Through the heavy snow she ran, the darkening landscape showing a distant light. Towards it she bent her steps, lost it as a copse intervened, struggled on again, crossed a gully, reached a rise in the ground, and then leaned against a tree, panting for breath, and staring wild-eyed and alarmed all about

Her bedraggled dress, soaked shoes, chilled frame and anguished heart drove every sense to vivid suffering. With a moan of distress she realized that her companion was past earthly help, that the river had swept him away. The instinct of self-preservation, the fright of the moment dulled her memory of that terrible scene at the bridge; for utter loneliness and desolation spread before her; not a habitation, human being or light showed. She might have been a thousand miles from civilization for all its evidences that existed in her imme-

diate proximity.

"Oh! where shall I go-which way.
shall I turn? I am lost!"

Her tones were hollow, the utterance despairing, affrighted. Nurtured amid delicate care, scarcely clothed to endure the rigors of such exposure, she felt that her strength and her will were fast

She tried to summon all her fortitude and calmness. She decided that the town they had left an hour previous must lie beyond a level waste bounded on its farther edge with a ridge of trees and bushes. In that direction she started.

knee-deep in a drift, swaying like a reed in the wind, she wavered, fairly in the center of the vast meadow. Snow was all about her-earth and air seemed full of it. It dazzled her

vision, it penetrated sleeve and hood, it choked and blinded her.

A fearful night, truly! The noise of

the rising tempest rang out like the waves of angry sea. The storm had flapped out the baleful light of moon stars. In the strength of a mighty glee, the wind raved and roared, sweeping the drifting snow about her like a shroud.

"I-can-go-no-further!" With a moan that was a prayer, the delicate girl sank down. Her strength had given out completely. The snow came thicker, the winds blew faster, the ghastly white stretch before her began to be flecked with fire, as her overstrained nerves drove the feverblood from heart to brain.

"Oh! the rest—the quiet!" she mur-mured, as she closed her eyes in that delight which cold and exhaustion bring, to lure the deluded victim to the last long sleep. "Raymond—Beatrice—father! good-night,—

good night!" A rare, ecstatic smile stole over her face. The suffering of life was merging into the delirium of dreamland. She had lain down to die-so young, so fair, so little realizing how near death grazed her bonny heart!

"Oh! let me rest; I am so weary!" A rough contact, a blast of warm breath sweeping her face roused the benumbed girl to look up.
Then, with a frantic scream, she

struggled to her feet and stood tremblingly staring at an intruder, the shock happily dissipating the lethargy that benumbed her senses, and bringing her a realization anew of the perils that menaced her.

The hideous form that her uncertain vision had exaggerated into some terrible creation of her fancy, brushed close against her, its rough head swept her hands and face, thrilling them to a sense of feeling with the animal warmth of its rough caress.

A great homely faced horse, lost or strayed from home, like a puzzled wanderer over the black expanse, seeking shelter, the animal had saved her

"I was going to sleep!" panted Edna, with an affrighted shudder, "Oh! I must struggle on, for Raymond's sake. Heaven help and guide me, I cannot die here alone!"

She grasped the horse's mane as the animal neighed uneasily. Clinging to it she walked—was dragged along. The patient horse plodded forward. They reached a road. Minutes seemed ar hour. Edna was conscious of relaxing ner hold on her dumb guide from sheet weakness, of sinking helpless to the

ground. Was that a light shining near-grate. fully near? She tried to cry out, but her utterance seemed choked and hollow, and its faint echo died in her own

Surely, there was a house before her! an open shed, too, beneath which the horse stood panting, but safe from the storm.

If she would only drag herself there! But it was not to be. Exhausted nature could endure no more. She closed her eyes with a moan of utter weariness and despair. Again

her senses glided into that fatal dreamland of unreality. The snow seemed destined to finish a dark night's work by burying Edna Deane and the mystery of her fair young life beneath its mantle alike. Ghostly fell the snow!

Fiercer rose the wild winds, mora weird became the clogged, misshapen landscape; darker grew the night. The dainty form was outlined, first in a royal robe of ermine, then a little mound showed, then a greater one, and thenonly a bleak, level expanse—the wan-derer completely obliterated, as if a part of the great spreading meadow it-

And ghostly fell the snow! CHAPTER VII.

TOO LATE! Raymond Marshall had swept from the presence of Beatrice Mercer with the joy of a men suddenly snatched

from the darkest depths of grief and

despair.

In a flash had come a full realization of the true status of affairs. He had been grossly deceived - his bright. Edna was not faithless! The letters he had received were forgeries, and the plotful Beatrice Mercer, inspired by love and jealousy, had wrought all the misery so happily averted by his accidental discovery of her

duplicity.
"I will find her if I search the world over!" he had avowed ardently, buoy-ant, exultant in his faith regained and the power of a love able to battle the

most subtle foe. With calmness, however, while his overpowering love sustained him fully, Raymond Marshall realized that he was at a terrible disadvantage, in the dark, with not a single clew as to the motive of Edna Deane's strange disappearance or her possible whereabouts

A second visit to Miss Chandler, the lady principal of the seminary, resulted in the acquirement of very little additional information.

Edna's father had sent a trusted friend or servant to take her home. He had made it an express request that the location of that home, the mystery of Edna's life, her true name should not be made known. Edna must abandon all her old friends. A new life opened for her of wealth and comfort, but apparently weighted down, or at least affected, by some dread mystery that involved the utmost secrecy.

Reasoning all this out, Raymond Marshall decided that he could do but little except to await developments. His anxiety for Edna's welfare, however, his impetuous, impatient spirit, drove him to endeavor to learn what course Edna's mysterious companion had taken in so swittly spiriting her away to her friends. He traced the carriage to the railroad town fifteen miles distant, but there the trail ended. Distance or direction taken by the fugitive there became involved points of speculation.

For a week he hung around Hopedale. His painting was neglected. His father was involved in deep business difficulties, which at any other time would have commanded his attention, but just now he could think of nothing but Edna.

He grew moody and taciturn, anxious and then alarmed. No letter arrived from Edna. He haunted the woods, spots endeared to him by their past meetings, but his anxious heart drove him to distraction as the fear grew upon him that his love was lost to him. that either the mandate of a stern father or the plots of the siren-hearted Beatrice were operating to rob him of the bonny bride to whom his troth was plighted.

What did this girl know? Evidently everything there was to know. With subtle craftiness she had woven her soft wiles about the innocent and trustful Edna, until the latter had made of her a bosom friend-an exclusive confidante. She had tacitly acknowledged to Marshall that she knew where Edna had gone, but boldly, angrily, she had refused to tell him what he wished to know. Fully comprehending the girl's resolute nature, Marshall gloomily de-cided that if she alone held the fate of his ever again meeting his loved and lost one that event would never trans-

Wrought up to a maddening pitch of frenzy by the uncertainty and suspense of the hour, as well as by a sense of leep wrong and injustice, one evening Raymond Marshall went straight to the seminary.

"Beatrice Mercer shall tell me all she knows," he uttered fiercely. "I will plead, I will frighten her, but her secret shall be mine!" The crowning surprise and disaster alike of the culminating troubles of the

hour was announced at the very portals of the seminary. Miss Mercer was gone! Blankly and dolefully Miss Chandler imparted the bewildering information.
Gone? When—where? Beatrice Mer-

cer, poor, friendless, dependent entirely on Miss Chandler's bounty and the meager means that her position as subteacher awarded her, gone? ing a position which seemed to be a life-lease for her?

Yes, she had made the sudden announcement that morning. Thoroughly amazing her friends, she had packed up. demanding her salary, and had leit without a word of explanation concerning either her motives in resigning her

position or her future intentions. To the dumfounded and suspenseful Eaymond Marshall this seemed the last and most cruel blow of fate. His final reliance was swept away. He felt as-sured that Beatrice Mercer knew of the whereabouts of Edna. Now, she, too, had disappeared—there was not a clue in sight!

Would she join Edna in her new home, and by forgery and misrepresen-tation wreck her faith in her lover, and work out her plots of jealousy and revenge?

Oppressed by this torturing thought, Raymond Marshall left Hopedale that night on a blind, bopeless quest for some trace of the woman he loved and

the woman he dreaded. Too late! The woman whose cruel hand was twisting his heart-strings with because in her wild, erratic way she loved him, had twenty-four hours' start in a plot so subtle and bold that his spirit would have qualled had he even so much as guessed its sinister

## ITO BE CONTINUED! PUZZLED THE PHYSICIANS.

Eight Months Old Baby in St. Louis Dies of Senile Debility

Physicians of St. Louis, Mo., have dis-Physicians of St. Louis, Mo., Eave discovered a remarkable phenomenon in the person of a child eight months old, which died of senile debility. The child was Herman Robert Burch, the son of a fisherman man Robert Burch, the Son of a hank of the who lives in a cabin on the bank of the Mis-issippi River. The child was brought to Dr. Randall, of the North Side Dispensary, two weeks ago, for treatment. It was a monstrosity. Its body had ceased to grow after birth, but the head was fully developed. the face bearing all the marks of an old man. The head was covered with coarse hair, and on the face was a straggling

beard. Dr. Randall states that the babe's head was perfectly developed in every way, even to the bones, which were hard and brittle, as with the case of people of advanced years. He did not have a great opportunity to study the case, as his attention had not been called until the evolution was complete. During the time he was watching it, however, ing the time he was watching it, however, he sourched in vain for a parallel case. All the medical works he could find gave him absolutely nothing of a similar nature, and the physician has merely let the matter pass as one of the mane strange freaks of nature. FOUND A WONDERFUL CAVE.

Not Yet Reached.

Cawern After Cavern Explored and the End

There has been great excitement at Mans-eld, Mo., over the reported discovery of the argest cave in the world near the new town of Hudson, on the St. Louis, Mansfield and Ava Southern Railroad. For two or three years the earth has been

sinking to such an extent as to cause no lit-tle uneasiness, and the other day a very noticeable depression in the earth was discovered some inites north of Hartville. investigation an opening to what is said to be the largest cave in the world was found. Cavern after cavern, lined with pure onyx and traversed by subterranean streams, have been explored without finding an end. Por-tions of the stalactites found in one of the caverns were found to contain gold.

A Large Hog Crop Probable. It is now very certain that another large corn crop will be gathered this year. As last year's crop was the largest ever grown, it means cheap hogs and beef cattle for a

NAVAL CADETS.

WORK WHICH SOME OF THEM DO ON A CRUISE.

They Go Through Warship Drudgery monster Indiana, the giant monitor by Way of Education-Routine of Duties at the Annapolis Academy.

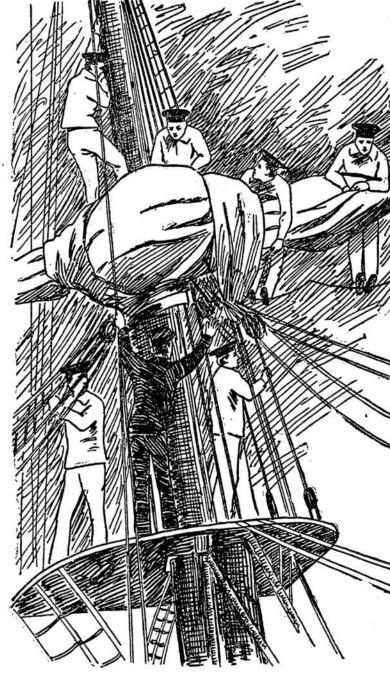
NEW departure has been made in the work of turning out young Faraguts for Uncle the Brooklyn Navy Yard with thirty cadets on board, and the boys have been put through a system of schooling which should be of immense value to them when they are commissioned returned to Annapolis.

But when the Bancroft is in some suddenness. port, they wouldn't make the exchange | Briefly stated, life at Annapolis

large mechanical places in Philadelphia were also visited. Elizabethport, N. J., where a gunboat if being built in the Nixon shippard, was visited, and then the Bancroft came to New York, where many vessels of the North Atlantic squadron were, including the Amphitrate and innumable cruisers of all types. At the Brooklyn Navy Yard many boats are undergoing repairs, and these afforded splended chances for observing the details of warship construction.

The torpepo station and the War College at Newport have been visited, Sam's fine navy. The little and after stopping at all the principal 800 ton gnnboat Bancrott has been at manufacturing towns along the New manufacturing towns along the New England coast as far north as Bath, Me., the return voyage to Annapolis was begun.

All over the land there are boys between the ages of fourteen and eightofficers on some of the great warships | een who hope to win admission to the of the Nation. The Bancroft also Annapolis Academy, but these boys went cruising along New England, should realize that life there is not a stopping at different points before it | continual round of pleasure. It means four long years of hard work, with The thirty cadets on the Bancroft study, study, study a continual diet. are greatly envied by the hundreds New appointees are admitted in Sepleft at the academy, but the thirty do tember. It is a difficult matter to not know whether they are fit subjects gain admission to the academy and a for envy or not. When they are on harder thing to stay there. The young board the vessel they would be willing man who fails to maintain the high to swap places with those left behind. standard set is dropped with alarming



for half a dozen worlds. Summed up, means eight hours of sleep, five and a

enjoyed. The Bancroft now carries but half of each day except Saturday, which is a cadets. This means that the boys have master by any means. He can only to take their turns in the stokehole enjoy certain forms of amusement aloft to furl sail in blustery weather, time. oiling machinery, rowing heavy boats, Reveille arouses the cadet at 6

become engineers on the great war- 10.10 to 10.20 o'clock and another at ships, a position of vast importance 12.35 for dinner. The afternoon under the changed conditions of ma-studies begin at 1.50 and last until rine warfare. Fifteen of them belong 3.55. At 4.05 there is a drill or exerto the first class and fifteen to the cise which lasts until 5.30. second. As it is not probable that all of the thirty will become engineers, but are not much fun for the cadets. the work on the Bancroft has been They include the general branches of arranged to fit them for the "line" di- seamanship, gunnery, infantry drill, vision, that they may become familiar naval tactice, small arms, signaling,



IN THE STOKEHOLE.

with all the work of running a warship outside of the engine-rooms.

plants along the Atlantic seaboard, about his arrest. where they could learn something of the practical side of naval construction. The first place visited was the immense yards at Newport News, where three number of ships are being constructed. tramps for sleeping or lying down The rolling mills, foundries and other there.

this cruise is the stiffest and hardest half hours of study, three hours of work they have ever done, and it is recitatione, two hours for drills and also the finest holiday they have ever four hours for recreation, leaving one hour and a half for meals. Practically This paradox is easily explained. there are ten hours and a half of work her regular crew, and all the drudgery half holiday. In the four hours of of running a warship falls upon the recreation the cader is not his own shoveling coal on the furnuce fires, within certain limits, and is under raking over smoking ash pits, going a system of strict surveillance all the

doing guard duty at night, swabbing o'clock every morning in the year. He the decks and a host of other menial can take his time dressing if he detasks which are not over-pleasant in a sires, as the roll call does not take summer temperature of ninety de- place until 6.45. Then he marches to breakfast, and at 7.55 the studies of These thirty young men expect to the day begin. There is a recess from

These drills are pretty to look at, navigation, surveying and physical exercises, including boxing, swimming, rowing, fencing and dancing.

The schoolroom work is arduous. In the first year the cadet studies algebra, geometry, English, history, rhetoric and French; second year, trigonometry, descriptive geometry, analytical geometry, English, history, the Constitution, elementary physics, chemistry, French, and mechanical drawing; third year, marine engines and boilers, sound, light and nest, electricity, magnetism, calculus, me chanics and international law; and fourth year, seamanship, naval construction, naval tactics, ordnance, gunnery, astronomy, navigation, surveying and physiology and hygiene.

When the afternoon drills are over the cadet does as he pleases until 6.30, when supper is served, and he has another short rest until 7.30, when he is supposed to put in two hours of study. From 9.30 until 10.10 he can tinkle a banjo or sing songs, but he must stop everything when taps sound, put out the light and go to bed.

Seeking Revenge.

A notorious counterfeiter imprisoned at Columbus, Ohio, has ofiered to disclose the hiding place of \$100,000 of counterfeits and the lo-The main object of the Bancroft's cation of ten counterfeiting plants if cruise was to give the young men a the Government will discharge the chance to see the great shipbuilding Secret Service agent who brought

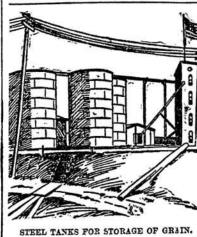
Upholstered Seats in Parks,

One of the city parks of Memphis, gunboats and two battleships are be- Tenn., which is described as having ing built. A week was spent there, and upholstered seats, has proved so inanother week was spent in the yards of viting a lounging place for vagabonds the Cramps, at Philadelphia, where a that the keeper is kept busy arresting MOVED BY AIR CURRENTS.

Pneumatic Tubes Used for Filling and Emptying Steel Grain Tanks.

Steel storage tanks for grain are rapidly taking the place throughout the country of the old wooden elevators, and pneumatic tubes are used to convey the grain from the place of storage to the mill, whereas formerly it was wheeled in barrows over |bridges between the buildings or through underground tunnels.

The erection of air-tight steel storage tanks or bins for grain in place of the old wooden structures not only does away with the danger from fire, but it is claimed that it preserves the grain for an indefinite period of time and also makes impossible the presence of weevils or other vermin so destructive to grain storage. There being no inflammable material used in the construction of these steel tanks there is no need for insurance and mill men claim that within six or seven years the saving on insurance alone will



more than pay for the first cost of construction. Two of these steel storage tanks are now in operation at Toledo, Ohio, where they have proved even a greater success than was anticipated.

With the air-tight steel tank taking the place of the old-fashioned elevator, comes the new method of handling the grain. The steel bins are connected with the mill by immense steel tubes and air pressure moves the grain, as it is needed, from the storage tank to the mill. The system could not be put in operation with the old style elevator, but the tubes are now in practical operation at Connersville, Ind.

The machinery used in this pneumatic system is extremely simple in construction and requires very little power to operate it. By a system of air currents, the grain is taken from the storage tanks on a current of ail exactly as a chip of wood is carried by a stream of water. The air current is changed by manipulating two valves, one causing the blast, the other a suc tion. A valve in the tank is opened allowing the grain to enter the pipe or tube. When that valve is closed another at the end of the tube within the mill is opened and the grain falls

into a receiver. Exactly the reverse operation is gone through in putting the grain into the air tight storage tanks. It is first taken into the mill, then put in the receiving bins and by pneumatic pressure forced through the tubes into the tanks. The introduction of air tight storage tanks and the pneumatic system of transferring the grain, practically revolutionizes the manner of storage and milling, and ere long will probably be introduced into the big rain depots throughout the

## Cure for Sunburn.

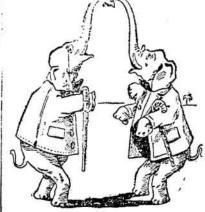
Sunburn sometimes causes intense suffering. Among all the remedies the following is one of the best: As soon as you get indoors order a pitcher of boiling water. Fold to half a dozen thicknesses a cloth large enough to cover the whole of your face. Pour over this enough of the hot water to wet it through. Wring it lightly-it must be hot enough to make this a painful process-and lie down with it pressed over your face, leaving space for your mouth. Let the cloth remain till cool. Then dip again, keeping the water hot all the time. After half an hour of this dip the cloth in cool water, not ice cold, two or three times; then rub the face gently with white vaseline. Rub off with a clean, soft cloth and put on fresh vaseline; then lie down for an hour's sleep. Unless the sunburn is bone deep there will be small trace of the painfulness left after two hours of this treatment. -Washington Star.

Paid No Attention to the Bell. Sheep, so 1 am told, are just as stupid about bicycles as they are about everything else that goes on wheels. A young lady in Devonshire, riding down a grass slope, came across a sheep which was lying down exactly in her way. Much to the consterns tion of her friends, who were watch ing the performance, she apparently attempted to jump the animal. Over rolled the trio, with the result that the bicycle was more or less damaged, the sheep's teelings were hurt and the lady got a black eye.

"But why did you do it?" they

asked her. "I do it!" was the indignant reply "I rang my cell as loud as I could, but the silly creature would not get out of the way."-Blackwood's Magazine.

The Wand-Shaking Fad in the Desert



First Elephant-"Aw, Reggie, how d'ye do?" Second Elephant-"Put it there, old man."

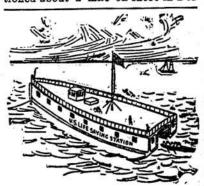
The Japanese Government has or dered four iron clads and four first class and two second-class cruisers

from British ship bullders.

LIFE-SAVING STATION AFLOAT,

Boats to Be Launched From an Artificial Harbor Off Shore.

Boston's floating life-saving station has been completed. It is to be sta tioned about a mile off shore in Dor



FLOATING LIFE-SAVING STATION.

chester Harbor, between City Point and Thompson's Island. According to the Boston Globe this is a picture of the new station boat, which is the only one in use in seacoast waters. There is one similar to this in use on the Missouri River.

The new station is a boat 100 feet long, thirty-three feet beam and twelve feet from keel to apper deck. It draws very little water and has no propelling power, being towed to its location and anchored there. There is an opening about nineteen feet in width which extends about one-third the length of the hull and through the center from the stern. From this opening the lifeboats will be launched. The boat will swing always on a free cable, and being anchored from the bow the life-savers will always have the lee of the boat in which to launch their lifeboats. The new boat has been lying at a

City Point shippard, where the Gov-ernment fitted her out with lifeboats, launches, bedding, furniture, stores, anchors, chains and the necessary supplies. She was built in Noank, Conn., under specifications furnished by Superintendent Kimball of the United States Life-saving Service, and has been in charge of Lieutenant F. H. Newcomb, Inspector of Life-saving Stations for Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Lieutenant Newcomb will appoint the captain of the station on recommendation of the yachtsmen and sailormen interested. The captain will command a crew of eight men of his own selection.

SMALLEST HORSE IN THE WORLD. Dot \_ But a Mere Midget of the Equine Species.

A pony born on the farm of Israel Hunton, in Orange County, Ohio, is regarded as one of the most remarkable freaks of the world.



A HORSE ONLY THIRTEEN INCHES HIGH. While now about two years old, thi interesting bit of horseflesh is only thirteen inches high, and is undoubt edly the smallest equine specimen of earth. "Dot," as this midget is called has a remarkable history; for, unlik other dwarfs of her race, she was th product of an ancestry of ordinary everyday horses.

Both her dam and sire were of the usual size and appearance, and so fa as is known there is no reason for he remarkably diminutive form. She therefore purely a freak. When born she was not much larger than a kitten and had to be fed by her owner from the beginning. Great care was given the tiny colt in the effort to raise her and now she is full grown, almos perfectly formed and vigorous in health.

Many offers of large sums have been made Mr. Hunton by museum an circus managers for "Dot," who is, o course, much wanted for exhibitio purposes. These have all been refused because Mr. Hunton has two little daughters who are so much attache to the family pet that he has not bee able to secure their consent. Bein wealthy himself, it is probable the those who wish to see the tiniest hore on the globe will have to see it on th farm of its owner.

Paving Prices in Pittsburg.

According to City Government, th recent drop in paving prices in Pitts burg and Allegheny have caused off cials of other cities to write for par ticulars. Pittsburg has just let con tracts for paving sixty-four streets No. 2 asphalt pavement, which has foundation stone of six inches, a inch and a half binder and the sam thickness of top coat, was reduce from \$2.50 to \$1.85 per square yard The favorite asphalt pavement i Pittsburg is No. 7, which has sever inches of concrete and two inches o top coat. It now costs \$1.87 pe square yard. In all of these contract Trinidad asphalt is specified, that be ing the only asphalt in the Easter market which is not regarded by the Pittsburg officials as an experiment

Fruit promises to replace flower for early autumn wear, and red likely to be a most popular color. combined with either cherries or cur-